National Tribune.

"TO CARE FOR HIM WHO HAS BORNE THE BATTLE, AND FOR HIS WIDOW AND ORPHANS."

ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES. WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1886. VOL. V—NO. 45.—WHOLE NO. 253.

SAVING THE NATION.

The Story of the War Retold for Our Boys and Girls.

SPOTTSYLVANIA.

Days and Nights of Hard Marching and Fierce Fighting.

"ON THIS LINE

I Propose to Fight It Out if it Takes all Summer."

BY "CARLETON."

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LXXVIII.

To the Boys and Girls of the United States:

It was 11 o'clock Saturday night when Gen. Grant left his headquarters near the Lacy house, on the Wilderness battlefield, for a ride to Spottsylvania. He reached the headquarters of Hancock, on the left. Gen. Meade was there. There was a halt, for the troops already on the march to clear the way. We could hear the booming of the cannon in the distance toward Spottsylvania. Later we found that it was the artillery of Merritt's cavalry pounding the rebel cavalry at Todd's Tavern, three miles north of Spottsylvania.

HANCOCK'S TROOPS.

The men of the Second Corps, who had confronted Longstreet in the terrible struggle, were in line behind their breastworks along the Brock road. The woods were on fire between them and the rebels, the flames throwing a lurid light upon the tall forest trees. Some soldiers were asleep, others smoking their pipes, others on the watch for any advance of the rebels.

It was nearly 1 o'clock when we mounted our horses. Few of the men of the Second Corps had ever seen Gen. Grant. When they saw him, and knew that instead of retreating he was moving to strike Lee, they swung their hats and made the forest ring with three lusty cheers.

The rebels knew not what to make of it. A moment later there came an answering cheer, and then a volley of musketry. They thought that Hancock was going to attack them. The bullets whistled amid the trees, but as the Second Corps gave no volley in return they soon ceased firing.

RIDE TO SPOTTSYLVANIA.

The night was dark, the path through the woods narrow. The only light that I could see was by looking straight up. The guide took the wrong road. Suddenly a musket flashed in front of us—another—a third. We had run up almost to the rebel pickets, who, hearing the tramping of horses, fired. The guide turned about. We retraced our steps, gained the right path, and rode at a breakneck speed—Gen. Grant and staff in front, two or three correspondents, then the cavalry escort. One of the foremost cavalry horses stumbled and fell, and then there was a pile of horses and men kicking and struggling in the darkness.

Two o'clock brings us to Todd's Tavern, an old, tumble-down house. The roads are full of cavalry. Out in the fields southwest we see the cannon flashing. Wounded men are coming in. The Surgeons are at work.

Tethering my horse to the front-yard fence, making a pillow of my saddle, I am soon asleep, unmindful of the roar of the artillery or the tramping of the Fifth Corps, Slocum's Division passing by toward Spottsylvania.

Day is breaking when I awake. It is Sunday morning. Strange the symphony that falls upon my ear—not the music of church bells or the pealing organ, but the roll of musketry, the drum beat, the bugle blast, the diapason of the cannonade.

SPOTTSYLVANIA.

Through the night Longstreet's troops were moving toward Spottsylvania on a road not a mile distant from that over which Gen. Grant rode. Gen. Lee had discovered Grant's movement. He had many spies in Grant's lines, which kept him informed of any change.

Since the war I have talked with men who acted as spies. Said one: "I rode through the Union corps, keeping my eyes and ears open. When with the Fifth Corps I asked where I should find the Sixth, or Ninth, or Second. I had dispatches in my hand for Hancock, or Sedgwick, or Burnside. When I wanted to gain the Confederate lines I rode boldly past the Union pickets. If they stopped me I was an engineer officer ordered to examine the ground. Of course I had no difficulty in getting inside the Confederate lines."

Fitz Lee's (Confederate) cavalry blocked the road between Todd's Tavern and Spottsylvania. They had felled trees across the road and in the woods on both sides.

Merritt's Brigade of cavalry began the attack, but could not drive Lee from his position. Robinson's Division of the Fifth Corps came through the woods into the open field of Mr. Alsop, two and a half miles northwest of the Court-house. The Brock road, along which the troops had been marching, forked here, one fork running past Alsop's house, the other south of it, but both coming together a mile farther on.

Wesee Tyler's Brigade—16th Me., 13th and 39th Mass. and 104th N. Y.—advancing on the left; Denison's Brigade of Maryland troops, four regiments, on the right; Coulter's Brigade—12th Mass., 83d and 97th N. Y., 11th, 88th and 90th Pa.—in rear of Tyler. The skirmishers move across the field. The lines reach Alsop's house, when there comes a roll of musketry from the woods beyond, with solid shot and shell from the Confederate artillery. The great battle of Spottsylvania, which is to go on day after day, has begun.

The Confederates are behind intrenchments. They are Kershaw's and Humphrey's Brigades. Kershaw has six regiments and a battalion of South Carolina troops; Humphrey, four Mississippi regiments.

The Confederate army is organized mainly with regiments from a State brigaded together. It was carrying out the idea of State exclusiveness—of State rights. The State was more than the Confederacy.

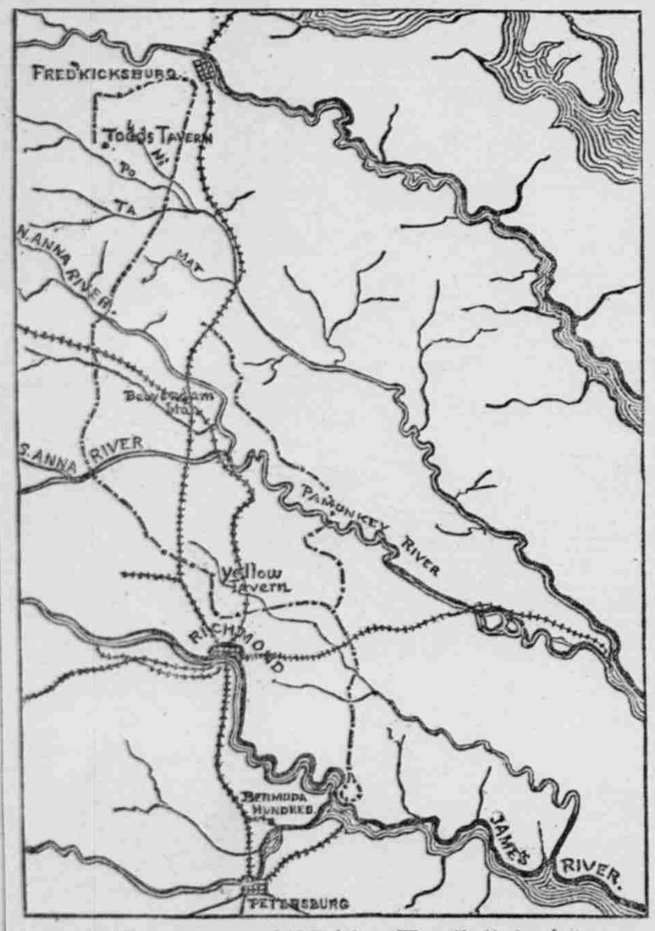
The brigades in the Union army were usually made up of regiments from different States. It was carrying out the idea of Union. Massachusetts and Wisconsin, New York and Ohio fought side by side.

As far as practicable the Confederate divisions were made up of troops from a single State. Pickett's Division—four brigades—

were all from Virginia; of Johnson's four brigades three were from Virginia; of Rodes's Division of five brigades three were from North Carolina.

Almost at the first fire Gen. Robinson is wounded. The Confederates are in the woods, behind intrenchments, under cover, while the Union troops are in the field, and suffer severely.

While Robinson's Division is moving across the field, Griffin's Division advances south of Alsop's house, Bartlett's Brigade in



advance—20th Me., 18th Mass., 44th N. Y., 83d and 118th Pa., 1st and 16th Mich.

These troops are in the middle of the field when the hot blast from the Confederates strikes them. Robinson's and Griffin's troops recoil under the fierce fire. Ayres's and Sweitzer's Brigades are in rear of Bartlett's, whose lines reform. Crawford's Division—the Pennsylvania Reserves—comes up on Griffin's left, and the rebels are driven from their position.

At this moment Field's Division of Longstreet's Corps comes into line, striking Griffin's right flank; but help is at hand for Griffin—Cutler's Division, commanded by Wadsworth at the Wilderness till his death. The men of this division have been resting, and they move into battle with resistless force and energy, folding back the rebel right, obtaining an advantageous position and throwing up intrenchments. It is 1 o'clock. The soldiers of the Fifth Corps have marched all night, have had no breakfast—nature is exhausted.

Gen. Meade directs Sedgwick, with the Sixth Corps, to come up on the left of the Fifth, and the two corps together to push on toward the Court-house, but the afternoon wears away before the Sixth Corps is in position. The troops are weary; it is too late to begin a great struggle. Crawford's Division advances, but falls back again, and the troops, with axes and shovels, throw up intrenchments.

GRANT'S PLAN.

Gen. Grant does not intend to make a struggle for possession of Spottsylvania; the place is of no importance. He wants to get at Lee's army, where he can have a fair chance to strike a telling blow. He hoped to gain the Court-house, but the trains prevented.

He issues an order for the cavalry to make a raid between Lee and Richmond, to destroy the railroads and cut off Lee's communications. When Sheridan's supplies are exhausted he is not to return to Grant, but to push on south to Gen. Butler, who is on the James River, obtain them there, and then return to the Army of the Potomac.

While Sheridan is thus sweeping around Lee, the army will move on to the North Anna River. Before he sends out his order he is obliged to change his plan, for Lee's whole army is at Spottsylvania, and the struggle must go on. The army was weary. It had fought a great battle, made long marches, and through Monday, May 9, there was only the thunder of the artillery and the rattling fire of the pickets of both armies. The two armies were resting preparatory to engaging in the terrific struggle around Spottsylvania. The Fifth and Sixth Corps strengthen their intrenchments; plant their artillery.

DEATH OF SEDGWICK.

Riding down to the front, looking across the open fields south of Alsop's, I see the Confederate columns moving toward the Court-house. Shells are screaming across the open space, and there is a brisk fire among the pickets.

Gen. Sedgwick is at the junction of the two roads at the edge of the wood beyond Alsop's. He steps to the front to reconnoiter, when a bullet from the rifle of a sharpshooter strikes him and he falls dead.

His body is carried back to Alsop's and laid upon the porch of the humble dwelling. The army has lost a noble corps commander, one greatly beloved by the men of the Sixth Corps. Gen. Wright succeeds to the command.

The Second Corps comes into position on the right of the Fifth, while the Ninth marches east to the road leading from Spottsylvania to Fredericksburg.

THE CONFEDERATES.

Longstreet is in front of the Second Corps, Ewell in front of the Fifth and Sixth, A. P. Hill in front of the Ninth.

The River Po, a little stream, comes down from the flat land northwest of the Court-house. It passes to the south of the Court-house and tavern. Beginning at Longstreet's left flank we go northeast nearly a mile before we come to the river. A half mile farther we come to the Brock road, leading from the Court-house northwest. Ewell's troops are on the road on Mr. Spindler's and Mr. Harrison's farms, with intrenchments all along the line and the trees slashed.

On Mr. Harrison's farm the line turns almost north and runs along the west side of McCool's farm. You see McCool's house, with a chimney at each end and great oak trees around it, a spring of delicious water in the ravine behind it. North of the house a few rods the line turns east and runs across the farm of Mr. Landron 1,200 feet. The line is along the edge of the woods, but in front of it the ground is clear. Rodes's Division of Ewell's Corps is here. South of Landron's house is a knoll, where there are eight cannon placed to sweep the fields.

From the knoll the line turns south, running along the woods a third of a mile. Johnson's Division is on the knoll and along the line facing east, then Hill's Corps, reaching south past the Court-house two miles.

This projection in the rebel intrenchments is called the salient by military men.

Lee has his troops more concentrated than Grant, and he can move them quickly from right to left or left to right.

At the Wilderness Lee began the attack; now he is waiting for Grant to begin. His intrenchments are mostly in the woods. His skirmishers are out in front, and only by advancing can the engineers of the Union army find out Lee's position. All through the day the Union skirmishers and pickets are pressing the Confederates back, while the engineers with their glasses are pressing through the thick woods to find out the exact position of the Confederates.

BATTLE OF MAY 10.

Through the morning the cannon were thundering. Hancock at daylight moves down to the bridge over the Po River, intending to rush across it, but the rebels are so strongly intrenched on the opposite side that it is not wise to attempt it. He sends Brooke's Brigade of Barlow's Division down to the river. It crosses, advances through the woods, only to discover that the rebel intrenchments are very strong in front of them.

The Confederate divisions in front of Hancock are Mahone's, Field's and Hampton's cavalry.

The musketry begins to roll through the forest, when Hancock receives an order from Meade to move two of his divisions to Warren's position for a combined attack. The two divisions of the Second Corps retrace their steps and move east, joining the Fifth Corps. It is past 3 o'clock in the afternoon before the troops are in position.

Crawford's and Cutler's Divisions of the Fifth, Webb's and Carroll's Brigades of the Second advance through the cedar woods. The rebel artillery opens upon them. They come out into the field. A terrible fire bursts upon them, but they rush upon the intrenchments, creeping through the abatis, reaching the breastworks, but are swept back with great loss.

Gen. Rice, commanding a brigade in Cutler's Division, falls mortally wounded. He is brought back into the woods where I am standing.

"Let me lie with my face to the enemy," he says. They are his last words.

For an hour the contest goes on, and then comes a lull. Gen. Hancock rearranges the lines, and at 6:30 once more the Union troops advance—Birney's and Gibbon's Divisions, with some of Warren's men, but the intrenchments cannot be carried. The ground is thickly strewn with Union killed and wounded.

While the battle was at its hight I went into the field hospital, where the Surgeons were at work. The uproar was drawing nearer, the cannon thundering and the musketry a continuous roll.

"Are they driving us?" the soldiers eagerly asked.

"I think that we shall hold our own," I replied.

A soldier, who had just lost his left arm, lifted his right arm, swung his hat and shouted,

The Union forever,
Hurrah, boys! Hurrah!
Down with the traitor,
Up with the star.

The hundreds of wounded lying on the ground, raising themselves on their elbows, catching the enthusiasm of the moment, broke into the chorus.

I am not ashamed to say that the tears blind my eyes as I recall that scene in the woods of Spottsylvania.

During the afternoon Gen. Stevenson, commanding a division of the Ninth Corps, was shot by a rebel sharpshooter, while standing near his tent. The sharpshooter was in a tree nearly a mile away.

UPTON'S ATTACK.

Col. Upton was commander of the 120th N. Y. He was a young officer, but had displayed such great ability that he was selected to command an assaulting column of 12 regiments.

He forms them in four lines. The sun is nearly down when the column moves through the woods. The men come to the abatis, creep through it, unmindful of the fire pouring upon them, climb the slope before them, break the rebel lines, capturing a brigade of infantry and a battery.

Everything promises success. Gen. Mott, with his division, is to support him, but he is far behind, and manifests little energy. He does not advance and Upton is obliged to fall back. Had Mott rushed to his assistance the ground and battery would have been held. He cannot bring off the battery which has been captured. His soldiers shed tears when ordered to fall back, for their blood is up and they want to fight it out where they are.

The battle has been fierce all through this 10th of May. In the evening Gen. Grant writes this dispatch: "We have now ended the sixth day of very hard fighting. The result to this time is much in our favor. We have lost 11 general officers killed, wounded and missing, and probably 20,000 men. I think the loss of the enemy must be greater. We have taken over 4,000 prisoners, while he has taken from us but few, except a small number of stragglers. I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all Summer."

On the next morning I went to Washington to carry my account of the battle. I was accompanied by Hon. E. B. Washburne, Gen. Grant's intimate friend, who carried the dispatch to the President. It electrified the country. The people saw that at last the Army of the Potomac had a commander who had no thought of retreat, but who would go on smiting Lee to the end.

[*To be continued.*]

THE ARMY MULE; OR, THE TEAMSTER'S STORY.

BY ROBERT I. PATTERSON, OF WILLIAMS POST, NO. 78, G. A. R., MUNCIE, IND.

I don't profess to be a hero of a dozen battlefields,
Nor claim I am the bravest of them what never yields.
I never stood where you 'uns stood and dodged the iron hail,
Nor "limbered" to the rear like some, by givin' 'em leg bail.
I never cut and slashed around to spill out rebel gore,
And then git up afore a crowd and fight them battles o'er.
I never took to darin' deeds as p'r'aps a hero should,
I didn't have no chance to, and wouldn't if I could.
I aint got no larnin', boys, I never went to school,
The only thing I ever knew was about an army mule.

I don't profess religion, but I'd rather hear the bells
Upon the church house steeples, than the whistlin' of the shells,
I'd rather hear the warblin' of a thousand bugle calls
Than to hear the deadly hissin' of the little minie balls.
I love my flag and country that you so dearly bought,
But I never hunted danger for the chance of bein' shot.
I've often thought I'd own it and I will, now as I've begun,
I'd rather be a living coward than a dead hero—two to one.
I haint got no larnin', boys, for I never went to school,
But I've larned a good many tricks about an army mule.

I'd rather hear the "see-saw" of a thousand mules' bray,
And take my chance a livin' to fight some other day.
The front end of a cannon is the one we have to fear,
But with the mule it's diff'rent, for the danger 's in the rear.
You see, I was a teamster and drove a double span,
And no one else could beat me a drivin' four-in-han'.
I drove from the beginnin', clean up to sixty-five,
And 'tis a wonder, boys, that I got home alive.
I aint got no larnin', chums, I never went to school,
But I know what I'm a tellin' about this army mule.

Now if any man came nearer a handin' in his checks,
From cannon ball or minie, and can show up the effects,
I'll not hold up my head agin, and promise not to mention
That I've went through the mill, and ought to have a pension.
Just look at me! One eye out, and can't see well from tother,
And every time I try to breathe I feel I'm 'bout to smother.
I had an arm and leg broke, and then three ribs caved in
By the kicks of that confounded mule, a time and time agin.
I aint got no larnin', boys, for I never went to school,
But I got to know the business end of that infernal mule.

They called him "Sleepy Sam," 'twas a deceivin name,
For though he did look sleepy, he was anything but tame.
In my imagination I can see that old mule yit,
But if I actually saw him I'd just git up and git.
Nor I aint the only feller that had a chance to feel
Quicker'n double-geared lightnin' the weight of that mule's heel.
It took two army Surgeons—now this 's no army joke—
To foller up the Iron Brigade and set the bones he broke.
I aint got no larnin', folks, for I never went to school,
But I know more'n I'd like to know about an army mule.

Once I saw a Dutchman; he belonged to "Blinker's Corps,"
He said "Dot vas a goot leedle mule," but he never spoke no more.
We picked him up in pieces—scattered round about,
We knew he was a Dutchman, for we smelt the sauer kraut.
The next there came a Paddy from Corcoran's Irish Brigade.
"Bad luck to the baste, sure it's mesilf that's not afraid,"
And Pat caught that mule's hoof just under his liver
And there wasn't a piece left of him big enough to quiver.
I aint got no larnin', boys, for I never went to school,
But I've larned all I want to know about an army mule.

Of course he was an Irishman, for I never yet have seen
The time I couldn't tell one by the smell of his canteen.
"I's a reg'lar mule tamer, and dey don't git away,"
Said a darky, "for I hold 'em so tight dat dey neber can bray."
But the time that he made wasn't so very, very slow,
As he was sent to the place whare all good darkies go.
The tail of a mule he never more will pull,
For nothing else was left but a handful of wool.
I aint got no larnin', boys, for I never went to school,
But if I ever go to war agin, I'll never drive a mule.

IN his speech at Indianapolis on Memorial Day, Gen. Sherman said:

I believe that Gov. Morton in the administration of his office as Governor of Indiana, during the four years of our bitter civil war, displayed as much courage and patriotism as the best of our military leaders; and as to President Lincoln, I would rather take the chances of half a dozen fights than the mental strain he was compelled to bear during every week of his administration.

AN ARTIST'S MEMORIES.

Mr. Balling's Reminiscences of Lincoln, Grant and Sherman.

GRANT UNDER FIRE.

He Compliments Gen. Butler's Orders of the Day.

"HANDSOMEST GENERAL."

How Sherman Was Cornered by the Artist.

For many years a famous painting by H. Balling, entitled "Grant and His Generals," has been stored at the museum of the Ordnance Bureau in the Winder Building in Washington. A few days ago the canvas was removed to a Safe Deposit Building, it being too valuable to risk destruction by fire any longer in the old pile of brick for which the Government has ever since the war paid an enormous rent to the heirs of the owner, the notorious Winder of Andersonville. The canvas is valued at $40,000.

The painting represents 27 Generals mounted, all taken from life by Mr. Balling in 1864-'65. The figures are Grant, Logan, Sherman, Hancock, Hooker, Burnside, Blair,

GRANT ON "JEFF DAVIS."

Ord, Rawlins, Jeff C. Davis, Slocum, Terry, Mower, Schofield, Howard, Parke, Meade, Warren, Thomas, Merritt, Crook, McPherson, Sheridan, Emory, Kilpatrick, Custer and Devin. The death-roll now includes more than half of them.

Below is given an extract from a letter written recently by the artist, Mr. Balling, which embraces some very interesting recollections of Lincoln and Grant. The letter runs as follows:

GRANT AND HIS GENERALS.

"Gen. John A. Dix, who was a great lover of art, I knew well through my particular friend, Gen. C. T. Christensen. Gen. Dix came to my studio the 15th of September, 1864. He knew that I had been urged to go to the army and make the necessary studies for a large painting of 'Grant and His Generals.' I asked Gen. Dix if he would give me a sitting, as I had other Generals then on my easel, and he consented. So I took a clean canvas, and without drawing I commenced painting directly. I did my very best, and succeeded in making a very good likeness of him. At least, he so admired my work that he requested me to paint him a portrait of Grant to go in his collection of paintings, which I did. Gen. Dix had the kindness to give me a very warm letter to President Lincoln, and requested him to give me a sitting.

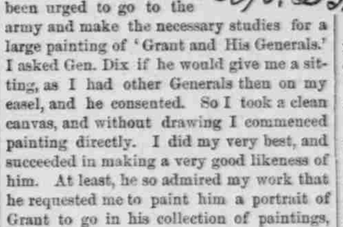
"The projector of the painting of Grant and his Generals was to sustain me with all necessary moneys, and pay me $8,000 when the painting was done, besides a handsome gratuity if he sold the picture.

"The 22d of September, 1864, I was in Washington, and presented Gen. Dix's letter to President Lincoln, who received me very graciously, and said:

"'But, Mr. Balling, how can I possibly take time to give a sitting to you in these busy times?'

"I answered that it could be done without making him lose a minute if he would allow me to spend a day in his working room and simply give me a hint if he wanted at any time to be alone. He consented, and asked me to be there the next morning at 9 a. m. I had concluded to make all my sketches in water color, as I could get along with a very small bundle of materials, and I was punctually at the White House the next morning.

"I took a chair and placed it conveniently for my purpose, and asked the favor of the President that if any particular friend of his should happen to call to make such



GHASTLY SCENES.

caller sit on that chair, and from my seat I commenced to work and study, while the President also worked just as if I was not there.

LINCOLN TALKS GERMAN.

"Since you ask me to relate all particulars and anecdotes, I might say that from our conversations I understood that Lincoln took me for a German, and hence his significant look at me when he was chatting away humorously with the Governor of Ohio, who was invited by Lincoln to sit on that chair out of my way.

"I was, of course, no attentive listener, as I had enough to attend to, but I heard Mr. Lincoln speak some German words, and then I heard the Governor say:

"'Why, Mr. President, you are quite a scholar in the German language.'

"'Ah!' said Lincoln, 'no wonder, I once took a whole evening to study that language. I can speak whole phrases, for instance, "Geben sie mir ein glass lager beer."'

"This he spoke very correctly, and looked at me in astonishment, when I dropped my brush and said with all politeness:

"'Mr. President, that is wrong.'

"His expression was very curious, and I never can forget it.

"'What?' he said, 'is that wrong?'

"'Most certainly. Your Excellency ought to say, "Geben sie mir zwei lager."'

"'What is that?' he said, 'Zwei lager! zwei lager! What does that mean?'

"I answered that 'zwei lager' means two glasses of beer, one for you and one for the Governor. I never shall forget the good humor and the hearty laugh over what he called a splendid improvement on his 'use of German social phrases.'

"They went on talking and I working, when I suddenly heard the President say in response to something the Governor had said:

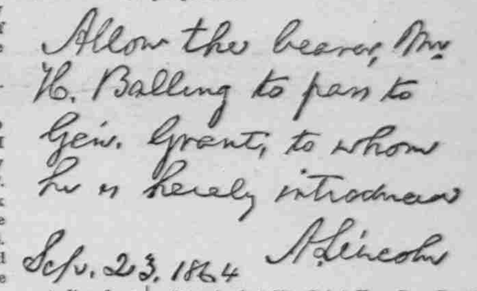
GETTING TWO STORIES MIXED.

"'That, Governor, reminds me of an unfortunate story-teller who once had a splendid audience around him, and he told them about a smart young farmer, who was mowing hay right before his cabin door, and scared up a rabbit. Quick as a flash he ran into the cabin, and as you know those fellows always keep their gun loaded and over the door, he soon grasped it, cocked it, and out again; but the rabbit was gone; yet he could trace him easy enough because there was about half an inch of snow on the ground. "Hello!" shouted one of the audience, "you said he was mowing hay, and now you say there was half an inch of snow on the ground. How is that?" "Ah! excuse me," said the story-teller, "I got parts of two stories mixed together."'

"At the close of the day I had succeeded in getting a very animated likeness of the President, and he wrote his autograph under it. This picture was afterward my contribution to the Chicago sufferers, when the New York artists arranged a sale for that purpose.

"I had told Mr. Lincoln, of course, of my commission to paint the portraits of Grant and his principal Generals, and when I had finished, he said:

"'I will now give you the shortest pass and introduction you probably ever had,' and he wrote me on a blank card, which I yet preserve—



"I arrived at City Point, Va. Gen. Grant received me very cordially, and had me sit down before his tent, and said:

"'Well, then, you want to see my horses, as you are going to paint us on horseback.'

"And he directed an Orderly to bring them up. Gen. Grant said:

"'That little black pony is my pet, and we call him Jeff Davis, as he was brought to me from his estate in Mississippi when we fought around Vicksburg; that one is Cincinnati, a very fine trotter, and that one, Egypt, a good saddle horse; now, which do you want?'

GRANT'S NEW BOOTS.

"'For my purpose,' I said, 'I should like Egypt.'

"'Well, then, we will take a ride out on the road to-morrow.'

GRANT AND THE ARTIST.

"I was then given a tent and an Orderly and introduced to Gen. Rawlins and the rest of Grant's staff. At the table Grant placed me right opposite him, probably anticipating my desire to look at him as much as possible. After breakfast the next morning the whole staff was on horseback in their best trim, and as I learned afterwards the officers had ascertained that I was to make a great painting of Grant and his staff. The General went on horseback just as he went about every day, with his big slouch hat and unbuttoned coat, and without his sword. He asked me to take 'Jeff Davis' and go out of the camp with them on the road to Richmond. The escort must have wondered

INTERVIEW WITH GEN. SHERMAN.

what was going on with that civilian alongside the General, and when they saw me wheel out from the road and take a po-